

An ode for the 4th of July 1788.

AN ODE FOR THE 4th OF JULY 1788.,

OH for a muse of fire! to mount the skies And to a list'ning world proclaim— Behold! behold! an empire rise! An *Æra* new, as he flies, Hath enter'd in the book of fame. On Alleghany's tow'ring head Echo shall stand—the tidings spread, And o'er the lakes, and misty floods around, AN *ÆRA* NEW resound.

See! where Columbia sits alone, And from her star-bespangled throne, Beholds the gay procession move along, And hears the trumpet, and the choral song— She hears her sons rejoice— Looks into future times, and sees The num'rous blessings Heav'n decrees, And with HER plaudit joins the gen'ral voice.

“Tis done! tis done! my Sons,” she cries, “In War are valiant, and in Council wise; “*Wisdom* and *Valour* shall my rights defend, And o'er my vast domain those rights extend. “*Science* shall flourish— *Genius* stretch her wing, In native Strains *Columbian Muses* sing; “*Wealth* crown the *Arts*, and *Justice* clean her scales, “*Commerce* her pond'rous anchor weigh, “Wide spread her sails, And in far distant seas her flag display.

“My Sons for *Freedom* fought, nor fought in vain; “But found a naked goddess was their gain: *Good government* alone, can shew the Maid, “In robes of SOCIAL HAPPINESS array'd.”

Hail to this festival! all hail the day! *Columbia's* standard on HER ROOF display: And let the PEOPLE'S Motto ever be, “UNITED THUS, and THUS UNITED— **FREE.**”

Printed by M. Carey.